

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES.

VOLUME 1.

GRAND HAVEN, MICHIGAN, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 20. 1851.

NUMBER 7.

THE GRAND RIVER TIMES

IS PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY EVENING, BY
BARNES & ANGEL.

Office over H. Griffin's Store, Washington Street.

TERMS.—Payment in Advance.

Taken at the office, or forwarded by Mail, . . . \$1.00.
Delivered by the Carrier in the Village, . . . 1.50.
One shilling in addition to the above will be
charged for every three months that payment is
delayed.

No paper discontinued until all arrearages are
paid, except at the discretion of the publishers.

TERMS OF ADVERTISING:

One Square, (12 lines or less,) first insertion, fifty
cents, and twenty-five cents for each subsequent
insertion. Legal advertisements at the rates pre-
scribed by law. Yearly or monthly advertisements
as follows:

1 square 1 month, \$1.00.	1 square 1 year, \$5.00.
1 " 3 " 2.00.	1 column 1 " 20.00.
1 " 6 " 3.00.	1 " 1 month, 5.00.

Advertisements unaccompanied with writ-
ten or verbal directions, will be published until or-
dered out, and charged for. When a postponement
is added to an advertisement, the whole will be
charged the same as for the first insertion.

Letters relating to business, to receive at-
tention, must be addressed to the publishers—post
paid.

Particular attention given to Blank Print-
ing. Most kinds of Blanks in use, will be kept
constantly on hand.

BUSINESS DIRECTORY—1851.

C. DAVIS & CO., Dealers in Dry Goods, Groce-
ries, Provisions, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and
Shoes, &c., &c. Muskegon, Michigan.

C. B. ALBEE, Storage, Forwarding and Com-
mission Merchant, and Dealer in Dry Goods,
Groceries, Hardware, Crockery, Boots and Shoes,
&c., &c. Flour and Salt constantly on hand.—
Store, corner Washington and Water streets.
Grand Haven, Mich.

HENRY R. WILLIAMS, Storage, Forwarding
and Commission Merchant, also Agent for
the Steamer Algona. Store House at Grand
Rapids, Kent Co., Mich.

BALL & MARTIN, Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants. Grand Rapids, Michi-
gan.

GILBERT & CO., Storage, Forwarding and
Commission Merchants, and dealers in Produce,
Lumber, Shingles, Staves &c., &c. Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

F. B. GILBERT, Dealer in Dry Goods, Cloth-
ing, Boots and Shoes, Hats and Caps, Crockery
and Stone Ware, Hard Ware, Groceries, Provi-
sions and Ship Stores. Grand Haven, Michigan.

HENRY GRIFFIN, Dealer in Staple and fan-
cy Dry Goods, Ready made Clothing, Boots and
Shoes, Groceries, Hardware, Crockery and Glass,
Drugs, Chemicals, Medicines, Paints and Oils,
and Provisions. Also, Lumber, Shingles, &c., &c.
Opposite the Washington House, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

WILLIAM M. FERRY, Dealer in Dry Goods,
Hardware, Groceries, Provisions, Crockery, Medi-
cines, Boots and Shoes. Also, Manufacturer and
dealer in Lumber. Water street, Grand Haven,
Michigan.

HOPKINS & BROTHERS, Storage, Forwarding
& Commission merchants; general dealers in all
kinds of Dry Goods, Groceries, grain and provi-
sions; manufacturers and dealers wholesale and
retail in all kinds of lumber, at Mill Point, Mich.

L. M. S. SMITH, Dealer in Drugs, Medicines,
Paints, Oils and Dye Stuffs, Dry Goods, Groce-
ries and Provisions, Crockery, Hardware, Books,
Stationery, &c., &c. At the Post Office, corner
of Park and Barber streets, Mill Point, Mich.

H. D. C. TUTTLE, M. D. Office, adjoining
Wm. M. Ferry's Store, Water street, Grand Ha-
ven, Michigan.

STEPHEN MONROE, Physician and Surgeon.
Office over J. T. Davis' Tailor Shop. Washing-
ton Street, Grand Haven.

LEVI SHACKLETON, Wholesale and Retail
dealer in Groceries, Provisions and Liquors.—
First door above H. Pennoyer's. Washington
Street, Grand Haven, Michigan.

SIMON SIMENOE, Dealer in Groceries and
Provisions. Washington Street, second door
East of the Ottawa House.

WASHINGTON HOUSE, By HENRY PENNOY-
ER. The proprietor has the past Spring new-
ly fitted and partly re-furnished this House,
and feels confident visitors will find the House
to compare favorably with the best in the State.

WILLIAM TELL HOTEL, By HARRY EA-
TON. Pleasantly situated with excellent rooms
well furnished, and the table abundantly sup-
plied with the luxuries and substantial of life.

JAMES PATTERSON, Painter and Glazier.
House Sign, and Ornamental Painting done at
Grand Haven. All orders will be promptly at-
tended to, by leaving word at this office. Shop at
Grand Rapids, Michigan.

WILLIAM ORIEL, Boot and Shoemaker.—
Boots and Shoes neatly repaired, and all orders
promptly attended to. Washington street, Grand
Haven, Michigan.

A. H. VREDENBURG, Boot and Shoemaker.
Shop over Wm. M. Ferry's store, Water street.

CHARLES W. HATHAWAY, Blacksmith. All
kinds of work in my line done with neatness and
dispatch at my shop. Mill Point, Michigan.

JOHN T. DAVIS, Merchant Tailor. Shop on
Washington Street, first door west of H. Grif-
fin's Store.

GROSVENOR REED, Prosecuting Attorney
for Ottawa County. Residence at Charleston
Landing, Allendale, Ottawa County, Mich.

HOYT G. POST, Clerk of Ottawa County. Of-
fice over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

WILLIAM N. ANGEL, Register of Deeds, and
Notary Public for Ottawa County. Office over
H. Griffin's store, Washington street, opposite the
Washington House, Grand Haven.

HENRY PENNOYER, Treasurer of Ottawa
County. Office over H. Griffin's Store, opposite
the Washington House.

ASA A. SCOTT, Sheriff of Ottawa County.—
Office over H. Griffin's store, opposite the Wash-
ington House.

J. O. O. F. Regular meetings of Ottawa Lodge
No. 45, is held every Wednesday evening, at their
Lodge Room in the Attic of the Washington
House. Members of the Order are cordially in-
vited to attend. Grand Haven, Ottawa Co., Mich.

W. Rowland's seven foot mill saws, with teeth
fitted for use, of "Ferry's Pattern" for sale by
Wm. M. FERRY.

THE FARMER'S DAUGHTER.

She may not in the may dance,
With jewelled maidens vie;
She may not smile on courtly swains
With soft and bewitching eye;
She cannot boast a form and mien
That lavish wealth has bought her;
But ah! she has much fairer charms—
The farmer's peerless daughter!

The rose and lily on her cheek
Together love to dwell;
Her laughing blue eyes wreath around
The heart a witching spell;
Her smile is bright as morning glow
Upon the dewy plain;
And listening to her voice we dream
That Spring has come again.

The timid fawn is not more wild,
Nor yet more gay and free;
The lily's cup is not more pure
In all its purity.
Of all the wild flowers in the woods,
Or by the crystal water,
There's none more pure or fair than she,
The farmer's peerless daughter.

The haughty belle, whom all adore,
On downy pillow lies—
While forth upon the dewy lawn
The merry maiden hies;
And with the lark's uprising song,
Her own clear voice is heard—
Ye may not tell which sweetest sings,
The maiden or the bird.

Then tell me not of the Jewelled fair—
The brightest jewel yet
Is the true heart where virtue dwells
And innocence is set!
The glow of health upon her cheek—
The grace no rule hath taught her—
The fairest wealth that beauty twines
Is for the farmer's daughter.

THE CAPTIVITY OF KOSSUTH.

We fear that the American people are not
fully aware of the circumstances attending the
prolonged captivity of Kossuth. It has been
often reported that the Sultan was about to set
him at liberty. More recently it was said that
twenty-five of his companions in exile had been
liberated, and that they were now on their way
from England to the United States. These
latter, not long since, landed at Southampton,
where they were courteously and hospitably re-
ceived by the civic authorities. They were to
embark shortly after for the United States,
whither the British Government had offered to de-
fray the expense of their passage.

The Sultan has been highly enlorged for set-
ting these men free. He is also reported to
have offered Kossuth himself permission to go
to America, if he chose; but that a still linger-
ing hope that his presence might yet be needed
and that it might be useful in Hungary, con-
strained the illustrious patriot to wait in Europe
until the summons should come. Every one
of these reports is false, wholly false. Kossuth
is kept at Kutahia—an obscure town in Asia
Minor—a sort of Austrian State prisoner, but
with the Sultan of Turkey for his more im-
mediate jailor. The Turkish Government has ma-
ny times promised to free him from further con-
finement, but has hitherto, upon some pretext
or another, failed to make its promise good. It
has now, at last, promised to release him on the
15th of September next. No reliance is to be
placed upon this promise any more than on the
former ones. Kossuth himself, in his recent
letter to the American Consul, wholly despairs
of its being fulfilled. The whole of the past
conduct of the Turkish Government renders it
in the highest degree improbable that he will be
set at liberty.

It is a miserable and contemptible effort on
the part of that Government to evade inquiry
for the present time, to delude the captive and
his friends with an empty but bitter illusion.—
It is part of the policy which has been all along
pursued by it towards Kossuth, under the dic-
tation of Austria and Russia, calculated to wear
him out by constant disappointment; by the
heart sickened with the hope deferred; if, indeed
he should not perish before by some hired as-
sassin. Whilst many weak and faithless fell
in the hour of trial, some strong and true men
followed Kossuth. No longer fighting the bat-
tles of their country under him upon the plain,
they resolved to protect his person, and cherish
their old and their country's hope. At Kutahia,
these brave and faithful men have remained, till
very lately, by the side of Kossuth; they have
kept close by him, watched and protected him,
a self constituted and self sustained life guard.
Was there ever such a one before? They may
challenge the world's history; no instance of a
similar voluntary, generous, lofty, disinterested
self devotion can be found in its pages. This
band of brother patriots have been his only
companions in his long captive exile. But Aus-
tria is remorseless, Russia is unrelenting, and
the Porte is weak, and afraid to offend its pow-
erful neighbors. These men, against their will,
have been torn from their beloved chieftain, and
compelled to seek some resting place upon this
continent; here, at least, they may rest unhar-
assed. Kossuth is thus deprived of his friends
and stripped of his protectors, four or five be-
ing all that are permitted to stay with him; and
thus the noble Patriot Chief of Hungary is still
kept a prisoner in Asia Minor, by the Turkish
Government.

It is now nearly two years since the combin-
ed forces of Austria and Russia crushed the
struggle of Hungary for independence. That
struggle was the close of a long contest that
had been carried on by the Hungarian nation against
the encroaching despotism of the centralized
imperial power of Austria. The princes of the
house of Hapsburg were Archdukes of Aus-
tria—Austria Proper being in a small province
—as such they became Emperors of Germany,
and afterwards acquired the crown of Hungary
in failure of its own line of kings, by inheri-
tance. Hungary was then an incorporated con-
stituent member of the Austrian empire, yet
retaining its own customs and privileges, and all
the essentials of a free constitution. She pos-
sessed a separate system of national laws, a
distinct legislature, and was constitutionally en-
titled to a separate ministry distinct from the
Imperial Cabinet of Vienna. The Emperor was
in right of his crown, King of Hungary. Thus
although with other absorbed kingdoms and
provinces Hungary was a constituent part of
the Austrian empire, with a despotic consti-

tion, yet she herself possessed a potentially
complete system of separate and free institu-
tions, securing to the people the blessing of be-
ing governed by their own national and ancient
laws, without being at the mercy or caprice of
the Emperor's Cabinet, or of the Machiavelian
machinations of Metternich.

But Hungary, with all these germs of hope
and promise in her, was far behind the nations
of Western Europe in their progress towards
the attainment of rational freedom. Her people
—one of the most noble, magnanimous and
high-minded branches of the Caucasian race—
in their social condition resembled that of the
more advanced European nations in the middle
ages. Her nobles were feudal barons, in re-
spect to their vast possessions, and the power
over their vassals; the mass of the nation were
but serfs at best, but recently emancipated, and
the middle classes consisted only of powerless
men of science, the members of professions
and trades. The church with its titled prelates,
old foundations, extensive possessions, and
hordes of vassals, was a separate body in the
state. The whole weight of the feudal system
weighed upon her energies, cramping the de-
velopment of her strength, and impeding her pro-
gress. The land was owned by the nobles and
by the church, so in a sense were the common
people. Villages and towns were often owned
by a single proprietary. The burden of the taxes
was borne by the serfs and commons. They
were forced to fill the national contingents to
the imperial army; they had to perform the mil-
itary service of the country; they paid tithes to
the ecclesiastics, and performed their terms of ser-
vice to their superiors often a full one-fourth
of their time; and although entitled to a certain
protection from the laws, they could exercise
scarcely a single constitutional privilege.

About twenty years ago life seemed to revive
in the old Legislative Assemblies, still com-
posed of nobles and prelates. Their proceedings
and deliberations were a mystery to the people,
being conducted with closed doors, while the
debates were held in the Latin language. There
were no public Journals in Hungary then—the
Imperial Censorship did not allow them. It
was in 1832 that a young lawyer, a member of
the Parliament of Pesth, with the assistance of
a body of short-hand writers, began the publi-
cation of those in manuscript. The people thus
learning what transpired in the Councils of the
nation, read these written reports with avidity.
The national spirit began to glow—the Parlia-
ment felt the sympathy of the national mind,
and itself became zealous from its conscious
contact with the people. Kossuth was a noble
and like the sons of the nobles, had studied law,
not as a profession, but as a system of educa-
tion, and that a most important one, and to qual-
ify himself for the high duties of legislation, as
well as for the knowledge of his country's his-
tory, which the study of that science rendered
necessary, and supplied; for the laws of Hun-
gary, like those of England, consist of imme-
morial usages and customs, and ancient sta-
tutes, passed at different times by the Diet and
the former kings. That young lawyer was
Lewis Kossuth. For publishing the debates of
the Parliament, he was accused by Government
of treason, and confined in prison two years
before he was tried upon the charge. Now be-
gan a career, one of the most remarkable in
modern times. Kossuth became at once the
idol of the people—he poured light upon the
minds of the people, communicated his own
ardent enthusiasm to the noble legislators of the
country; and having set an example in the lib-
eration of his own hereditary serfs, he became
the Apostle of Liberty to the hundreds and
thousands of serfs in Hungary. He brought
about a union of the Lutherans and Calvinists,
who until then had divided between them the
strength of the protestants of the Kingdom—
was the first in every assertion of the national
rights and privileges, and gradually obtained
that powerful ascendancy in the National Diet
which he exercised and wielded to the last.

When the insidious policy of Austria, by stir-
ring up the hostile feelings of the rival nations
had involved them in a war with each other—
the Croats against the Hungarians—and by es-
pousing the cause of the former, Hungary was
compelled to take up arms. Kossuth became
her leader. His long and faithful services, his
pure patriotism, alike qualified him, and entitled
him to be her leader. His great Administra-
tive talents, his unbounded popularity with all
classes, and his already severely tested capaci-
ties for statesmanship, pointed him out as the
man upon whom the honorable responsibilities
of that exalted station might rest safely, while
his wonderful oratorical powers silenced faction,
and confuted opposition in the Senate. He
roused the lion heart of Hungary to a desper-
ate struggle. In the dark days of the revolu-
tion, his eloquence burst forth spontaneously,
and fell upon the minds of his hearers like sheet
lightning in the night. His incorruptibility, his
freedom from vulgar personal ambition, his se-
vere and enlightened principles, all caused Kos-
suth to be regarded as one who could be either
the Hampden or the Washington of Hungary.
But this is not all of Kossuth. He is a relig-
ious man, wholly free from the blighting infeli-
city of the French school, as well as above the
nudity and feebleness of German rationalism—
his character in private life is of unquestionable
purity, and of rare simplicity. He is a tender
husband and father, and an unwavering friend.
He is one of those men who unite in them-
selves all the chief elements of intellectual
greatness, possessing, in addition to them, the
moral and manly attributes which confer upon
them a ruling ascendancy over their fellow men,
befitting them for that which appears to be their
destiny, to be the founders and saviours of na-
tions. This is the man who, driven by disaster
and defeat from battling on the plains of Hun-
gary, sought a refuge in Turkey. He is, per-
haps, in some respects, the foremost man of all
our time; one of the most heroic, unselfish and
devoted patriots that the world has ever seen;
yet, in defiance and direction of the free spirit
of our time, the free people and the free Gov-
ernments of Great Britain, and the United
States, have suffered him to be detained virtual-
ly a state prisoner for two years, separated from

his wife and infant children by a power, against
which he had been guilty of no offence, which
had no rightful jurisdiction over him for any-
thing that he had done—a power which he had
asked, and which had promised to grant him
and his followers its hospitality and protection.
This ought not to be. Our Government ought
in obedience to the strong sympathy of the A-
merican people with the captive, and with the
cause in which he is made to suffer, to de-
mand peremptorily his release.

Our Government should make this demand
in reverence for the name of Washington, and
out of regard to the sacred cause of human
freedom in all lands; and we trust that Mr.
Webster will add another to the many claims
which he already has upon the gratitude of the
Hungarian nation, as well as upon the deep and
grateful pride of all his countrymen, by demon-
strating that the voice of a great and righteous
cause, when uttered by the American people, is
more powerful than the impotent menaces of
of Austria, or even than the fierce threats of the
Russian Czar. [Chicago Com. Adv.]

A LAND OF WONDERS.—The following para-
graph is from a report by Professor Forest
Shepard. It is certainly an interesting account:

"I have now explored California for nearly
two years. I can truly say it is a land of won-
ders. There are fresh flowers every month in
the year, and winter now wears the bloom of
spring. I have found water falls three or four
times as high as Niagara; natural bridges of
white marble far surpassing in beauty that of
Rockbridge in Virginia; some thousands of
gold bearing veins, inexhaustible quantities of
iron and chrome ores, lead, bismute and quick-
silver, most beautiful porcelain clay, and in short
everything that can bless an industrious and en-
terprising people. In one valley, I found forty
springs of temperature over 100 degrees Fah-
renheit. In another valley, sixteen geysers, like
the famous one in Iceland. In this famous
abode of Vulcan the rocks are so hot that you
can stand upon them but a short time with thick
boots on. The silicious rocks are bleached to
snowy whiteness, brecciated and conglomerate
rocks are now actually forming. The roar of
geysers at times may be heard a mile or more,
and the moment is one of intense interest as
you approach them."

THE LADIES.—A Female Society down east,
passed the following resolutions:

That we will receive the attention of no "so
styled" young gentleman, who has not learned
some business, or engaged in some steady em-
ployment for a livelihood. For it is to be ap-
prehended that after the bird is caught it may
starve in the cage.

That we will promise marriage to no young
man who is in the habit of tipping, for we are
assured that his wife will come to want, and his
children go barefoot.

That we will marry no young man who is not
a patron of his neighborhood, or county paper,
for we have not only strong evidence of his want
of intelligence, but that he will prove too stingy
to provide for his family, educate his children,
or encourage institutions of learning in his vi-
cinity.

SAFETY RAILROAD CARS.—We have just ex-
amined an invention which, in view of the nu-
merous recent frightful accidents on different
Railroads, must command the attention of the
public, Railroad stockholders, and, in fact, all
who are interested in safe and economical means
of locomotion. This is the model of a Rail-
road Car, constructed of wrought iron, and skill-
fully put together, that while it is only three-
quarters as heavy as the common passenger car
of wood, it will sustain a shock of ten times
its own weight, without being crushed. No one
can examine this beautiful model, and not be
impressed with its strength, durability and pow-
er of resistance, and perfect adaptation to the
object for which it was intended. [N. Y. T.]

ELOQUENCE.—The following is the speech of
a Western lawyer in an assault and battery case.
He said: "May it please yer honor—The de-
fendent in this case, like the pizen serpent in
the grass, hid himself by the side of the way—
with the velocity of the swift footed and sharp
toothed leopard—with the strength of a fiend
from the dark domains of Pluto—rushed upon
my client, seized him by the collar, and with a
Herculean effort crushed him to the earth, and
—tore his shirt!"

To prevent horses being teased by flies, take
two or three handfuls of walnut leaves, upon
which pour two or three quarts of cold water—
let it infuse one night; and pour the whole next
morning into a covered kettle, and let it boil five
minutes; when cold it will be fit for use.
No more is required than to moisten a sponge,
and before the horse goes out of the stable, let
those parts which are most irritable be smeared
over with the liquor, namely, between and upon
the ears, the neck, the flank, &c.

Good men should be attentive to their health,
and keep the body as much as possible the fit
medium of the mind. A man may be a good
performer, but what can he do with a disorder-
ed instrument? The inhabitant may have good
eyes; but how can he see through a soiled win-
dow? Keep, therefore, the glass clean, and the
organ in tune.

Of all the melancholy sights, a bachelor's
home is the most so. A house without a woman
is like a world without a sky, or a sky without a
star—dark, desolate, and dreary. With the
exception of the lady who "milked the cow with
the crumpled horn," we know of nothing more
forlorn and melancholy.

As you would save the strength and wind of
a horse, drive slow up hill; and as you value
your own and the life of the horse, drive slow
down hill. But on level ground—if you must
drive fast, draw a taut rein and then "let him
slide."

The Albany Dutchman says there is a fellow
up Washington street, so jealous that he counts
his wife's hair every day, to see if she has not
give away a memento during his absence.

RURAL INTELLECT.

"What blockheads are those country people!"
cries the starched city dandy. Not so the rural
pastor. He finds among his flock the elements
of true goodness, vigorous common sense, clear-
ness of thought and reason, honest simplicity
and practical wisdom. These men of the bench,
the shop, the field, see through the idea from
end to end, as it were intuitively; they bring
out its pith, and though unable to clothe their
ideas in scholastic or philosophic phrase, readi-
ly cut the Gordian knot of almost any difficult
question. He finds no hearers that so closely
scrutinize, or so honestly expose his errors, his
concealed heresy and false statements. He al-
most fears to quote the Bible, lest they, being
perfectly familiar with its contents, should find
cause to accuse him of false quotation. Few
pastors, however well versed in the intricacies
of theological debate, Biblical criticism, or the
art of sermonizing, can compare with many of
our rural laymen in a familiar knowledge of the
language and plain sentiments of the Scriptures.
Few of the books with which our cities and
large towns are flooded find their way to the
remote dwellings of the rural districts; the peo-
ple have but little time to read, and less money
with which to make the purchase; hence, dur-
ing their brief hours of evening and leisure,
they peruse a few chapters of the Bible, and di-
gest their sentiments in the midst of the manual
toils of the day. They educate the mind in
following the plough, or felling the forest.—
They think, they argue, and grow wise. Amid
the vast store of the learned man's ideas, how
few are really his own—have sprung from his
own bosom! When he has written out his book,
or prepared his lecture, how few of the senti-
ments are original; the most have been plagiar-
ized from other men. But the countryman hires
no man to think for him; his few, and some
may think meagre ideas, are warmly cherished
by him because they are the legitimate children
of his own brain.

Hence the difficulty of corrupting the coun-
try. Long after the torches were extinguished
in the cathedrals of Rome and Constantinople,
a pure and radiant piety illuminated the back
places, and gladdened many a secluded hearth
and altar around which the gown'd bishop never
pronounced his benediction. When the dark
ages shut in upon the world, the light grad-
ually receded from the cities, and grew increas-
ingly fainter, as it lingered about the glens and
forests of the mountains, till the ethereal flame
vanished from human sight. The departing
rays lingered and played upon the summits and
dark ravines of the Alps peopled by the immor-
tal Vaudois.

Among us error plants itself within the walls
and unfurls its banners upon the battlements of
our cities, long before it can claim a single con-
vert in the secluded districts. Hence, too, the
rustic boys obtain the pre-eminence. Hosts of
them, shouldering their packs, early migrate to
the marts of trade and the seats of influence and
power. They bear with them the excellent
qualities we have above described; they begin
with caution, self-reliance and industry, which
insure a complete success in business; and in
future years how greatly have they become no-
ted, and how many of the city born have they
displaced? See how your rustic boy, who came
to the city a few years since, attired in cotton
breeches, straw hat, and cowhide shoes, has come
into the trading house of your rich merchant's
son yonder. See another beardless country
youth pressing his way to your courts, judicial
honors, and political notoriety. See how still
another steps in and takes the place made ready
for the trained statesman or the schooled politi-
cian.

The mountain streams wash down these un-
cut diamonds—these golden sands—and deposit
along the shores of the ocean their priceless glit-
tering treasure. The mountains produce the
men—the giants.

There is little Vermont, saddled aside the
crags and peaks of a mountain, and remarkable
only for its rude winters, brief summers, and
ruddy boys that grow to be giants—our
Wrights, and Slades, our Olins and Fisks.—
New Hampshire has, too, some that now con-
tend for the highest honors of the country, and
a host of others that make their mark on the age.

Let the rural boy, then prize his quiet home,
and recollect that this earth has no quiet green
place that ought to be so dear to him as the lit-
tle sward patch among the rock that bears this
endearing name. Let him not covet the pleas-
ures of the city; it has none like his. There he
will find no green meadows, and fish ponds, and
hunting grounds, no blazing hearth fire of the
winter evening; but instead, thereof, a host of
miseries and temptations and vices that drown
the young in infamy and perdition.

FORGIVENESS.—My heart was heavy, for its
trust had been abused, its kindness answered by
foul wrong; so turning gloomily from my fel-
low men one Sabbath day, I strolled along the
green mounds of the village burial place; here
I was reminded how all human love and hate
find one sad level, and how sooner or later, the
wronged and the wrong doer, each with a mock-
ed face and cold hands folded over a still heart,
pass the green threshold of a common grave,
whither all footsteps tend—whence none depart.
Awe for myself and pitying my race, one com-
mon sorrow, like a mighty wave, swept all my
pride away, and trembling I forgave.

[Whittier.]

The following remarks are local everywhere
and apply with such force to parents, that we
cheerfully subjoin them:

"If you would keep pure the heart of your
child, and make his youth innocent and happy,
surround him with objects of interest and beau-
ty at home. If you would prevent a restless
spirit of idolatry, 'the love of money,' and teach
him to love what is lovely, adorn your dwell-
ings, your places of worship, your school houses,
your streets and public squares, with trees and
hedges, and lawns and flowers, so that his heart
may early and ever be impressed with love to
him who made them all.

For the things of eternity, that await you,
trust to no man's say so.